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Original Poetry.

THE OLD HAWTHORN TREE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY HEMO.

It is a rugged spot, all bare,
Save one old hawthorn tree,
And thou might'st wonder that it e'er
Has grown so dear to me;
What makes me linger sadly there,
To court its meagre shade,
While far more bright and lowly scenes,
Enamel all the glade!

There may be lovelier spots than this,
For any eye but mine;
And things that gladden most my heart,
May not give joy to thine.
There may be trees of richer growth,
And sweeter shades for these;
But none to me, has growth or shade,
Like that old hawthorn tree.

In bygone years, two lovers met,
Beneath its leafy sprays,
And plighted them their sacred troth,
For all life's coming days.
And oft they came, when sunset lines
Were pencil-laid o'er the lea,
And carved their vows, at love's own shrine,
By that old hawthorn tree.

The old tree still remains the same,
Unchanged and lovely as ever,
A cherished poet-theme to sing,
Now make it prize or fame,
For one who made that trysting-spot
A Paradise to me.
Is in the tombs—and I in tears,
Beneath that old hawthorn tree.

Wilmington Del., July, 1850.

Pictures of Life.

THE SECOND WIFE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.

"Michel," said old Blaise Pastorer one day to his son, "I wish I could see you lifting up your head a little, and thinking of taking another wife."

Michel, instead of lifting up his head, only shook it very sadly.

"You know well what a loss you experienced in Marguerite," continued the father, "and I understand your feelings. But it is now two years since she died, and it is time you began to arouse yourself from the unavailing grief. Your children are of an age to need a mother's care; my wife is growing old, like myself, and she is not equal to the fatigue of looking after the young ones; and when they choose to run away from her to the edge of the pond, or under the horse's feet, she can't overtake them."

"What you say is true enough, father," answered Michel; "but where shall I get a wife like Marguerite?"

"There is no telling till you try," answered Blaise. "Marguerite was a good wife, a good mother, and an excellent woman in every respect; but it would be hard to think there are no more such left in the world! And I am certain if one could speak to you from Heaven, where she no doubt is, that she would give you the advice I am giving you. Suppose your mother were to die, who is to take care of your children when you are out all day about the farm?"

"Well, father, I'll think of it," said Michel. "But I know no woman. Where am I to look for a wife? If you wish me to take one, choose for me yourself."

"Why," said Blaise, "there are several things to be considered. First, you must not marry a young woman; she will be thoughtless, and neglect your children perhaps."

"And if she's older, she will ill-treat them," said Michel. "For what I see, they are as likely to suffer by my giving them a mother as by wanting one."

"We must be cautious in our choice," answered Blaise. "But, God be thanked, good women are more plenty than bad ones, everywhere!"

"There's true," answered Michel. "I daresay Pauline or Louise Medor, or little Catherine Sylvestre, would either of them do well enough."

"Too young," said the old man, shaking his head; "too young, and too poor."

"Young, they are, certainly, and poor, too," said Michel; "but I shouldn't like to marry an old woman, and where I'm to find a rich one that will have me, I don't know."

"I wouldn't recommend an old woman, either," said Blaise; "but one about your own age—eight or nine and twenty, say; and as for money, if there's none in this parish, there may be in the next. What would you say to old Gerard's daughter, Isabel?"

"I never see her," answered Michel.

"It's a good while since I saw her either," said Blaise; "but she was a fine-looking girl then; and being an only daughter, she will have everything her father leaves. That will be no trifle—not as he wishes to see her married, for she's nearly as old as you are—there will be no objection on his part, at all events."

"What!" said Michel; "have you spoken to him on the subject?"

"Well, to say the truth, I have," answered Blaise. "When you saw me talking to him at the fair, last week, he was remarking that it was time you shook off your grief for poor Marguerite, more especially as you had been such a good husband, and had nothing to reproach yourself with."

"Thank God for that!" said Michel.

"And when I said I wished I could see you married again, he gave me a hint that he shouldn't be sorry if you were to take a fancy to his girl."

"Well, father," said Michel, "she is the same to me as another, for I can never love any woman again as I loved my Marguerite; so, since you wish it, I'll think about the marriage with Isabel Gerard."

"Thinking about it won't do; you must make her think about it, too," said Blaise, "or somebody may step in before you. You must go over to Grandpre and see her."

"That will be a day to go, and a day to come back, and a day there," said Michel; "and how can I be spared just now, in harvest-time?"

"We mustn't mind a day or two when there's a good wife to be got," answered Blaise. "Besides, to-morrow's Saturday. If you take the brown mare, and start to-morrow afternoon, you'll be at Grandpre before night—and as there's a moon, it won't signify even if you are a little late."

So it was settled that Michel should go on the following day to Grandpre, to try if he could love Isabel Gerard; but it was with a heavy heart he made his preparations, for love so terribly resembles hope to be shy of duped likes to lay his visits when he's least expected.

On the same evening that this conversation took place, when the children were in bed, and the rest of the family were sitting round the hearth, there came an old woman called Barbette, who lived in a poor hut on the borders of Blaise Pastorer's farm. Twice a week they gave her broth, and she was now come for her allowance.

"Sit down and rest yourself, Barbette," said Margot, the farmer's wife, "and let us hear how the world goes with you."

"Not worse than with other people, I believe," answered Barbette; "but I'm going to lose my daughter, little Fanchon."

"Lose her!" cried Margot. "How! Is she going to be married?"

"Married! Poor child, who would marry her?" said Barbette. "No, no; but she's going to Grandpre. I've got a situation for her there, at Farmer Gerard's. It's a hard thing to part with her; but she must go to service some time—and the winter will be here soon, and if she can earn a little money, she will be able to help me through it."

"She's such a little creature, that we forget her age," said Margot; "but the truth is, it is time she went to service. If she stays at home she may get habits of idleness."

"No fear of that," answered Barbette. "I believe Fanchon would rather go down on her knees and scrub the stones in the high road than be doing nothing. She'll be a treasure to anybody that gets her, I can tell you; and I only wish you could have taken her into your service."

"Perhaps we may another year," said Margot; "but in the meantime, it will be a good thing for her to go to Grandpre. Gerard keeps a good house, and she'll improve herself there.—When does she leave you?"

"She's to be there to-morrow," answered Barbette; "but it's a long way for such a young creature to go alone."

"She needn't go alone," said Blaise. "Michel is going to-morrow to Grandpre, and he shall take charge of her; and by-the-bye," added he, "as Fanchon is going to live with friend Gerard, she may do us a good turn;" and thereupon he communicated to Barbette his hopes of bringing about a marriage between Michel and Isabel, begging that, as Fanchon was well acquainted with them all, she would say a good word for the family in general, and for his son in particular.

"She may do that with a clear conscience," said Barbette; "for happy 'll be the wife that calls Michel Pastorer husband. I'll speak to her about it, and, depend on it, he won't miss his mark if they'll take Fanchon's bed for him."

Michel, who had been pacing up and down the orchard, thinking seriously of what was before him, now came in, and having learned the destination of Fanchon, he consented willingly to escort her. Accordingly, on the ensuing afternoon the little damsel presented herself at the stable-door with a small bundle in her hand, ready for the road, and having mounted behind the young farmer, they started on their journey with the good wishes of the assembled family. It was the first time she had left her poor home, and her old mother, and the young girls of her own age that she had grown up with; and whilst Michel jogged along, his mind absorbed in his own troubles, the tears were streaming down her face as she thought of those she was leaving, and the strangers she was going among. All at once Michel became aware that she was weeping. "What's the matter, little Fanchon?" said he.

"I'm thinking of home and my poor mother," said she, endeavoring to restrain the flowing tears.

"Ah!" said Michel, "it makes one's heart sad to leave those we love, if it's only for a short time, for one never feels sure of seeing them again. Who could have thought, when I left my poor Marguerite to go to Rouen for two days, that she would be dead before my return! And that puts me in mind that I didn't see my little Lep when I came away; where could he be, I wonder?"

"I saw him in the morning running along the high road," said Fanchon: "I thought you had sent him a message perhaps."

"No! I," answered Michel; "but my mother may, to keep him out of the way, for he wanted sadly to come with me to Grandpre."

"And why not have brought him?" said Fanchon. "He's no weight, and the mare could have carried us all three; besides, I could walk a good part of the way. I love little Lep, and I should have liked to have him here with us."

"Why, I wished to bring him, but my father said it wouldn't do to go courting with a child at my back. But I'm talking of what you know nothing about."

"I beg your pardon," said Fanchon; "I do know all about it. I know you are going to marry the rich farmer's daughter that's to be my mistress."

"Then you know more than I do," said Michel. "She may not choose to have me."

"Why shouldn't she have you?" said Fanchon. "Didn't you make a good husband to Marguerite? You're well off, too, and as young as she is, for what I hear."

"But I have three children," said Michel.

"So much the better; it will make the mercier's home. Besides, ain't they the prettiest children in the whole parish, and the best brought up? For my part I think the very sight of little Lep would have won her heart at once."

"Ay, if she likes children; but suppose she does not?"

"Fool! if she doesn't like children, she won't like to marry you; so there'll be an end to it. But they say she's rich and handsome, and I never heard an ill word spoken of her; so you're wrong to take up notions before you're reason."

"I'll tell you what, Fanchon," said Michel, "you are sharp and quick, and you are going to live in her father's house. After you have been there a week or two, you must tell me what you think of her."

"No," answered Fanchon; "I won't promise that. I might make a mistake, and so do mischief." Just as she said this the mare shied. "What's that?" she asked.

"It's some animal in that bush," answered Michel. "a strayed lamb, perhaps."

"It's a child!" said Fanchon. "Why, it's your little Lep, I declare, and asleep!"

"So it is," said Michel, alighting from the mare. "To think of the child being here, and so far from home!" When the boy opened his large eyes, he was amazed; for his mother having refused to take him to Grandpre, he had set off some hours before, with the intention of watching on the road till Michel passed, and thus gaining his object; but weary with walking, he sat down and fell asleep, and now being suddenly awakened, he could not remember how he got there. Michel was angry, for he neither liked to leave the boy there nor to take him to Grandpre, and while he scolded, Lep cried. However, Fanchon ading with Lep, the youngster carried the day, and Michel, placing him on the saddle before him, on they went. The child was so delighted at first, that he forgot he had no dinner; but they had not gone far before the jogging of the horse reminded him of his hunger.

"Didn't I tell you so!" said Michel, impatiently. "What's to be done now! I don't see a house where one could get a mouthful of bread for miles round!"

"Don't fret," said Fanchon, quietly opening her bundle; "I've got a bit of bread and cheese here. Take it, Lep, and eat away."

Lep did not require to be twice invited; but Michel said, "Wait will you do yourself, Fanchon, without anything till we get to Grandpre! We're a long way to go yet."

"Oh," said Fanchon, "young stomachs can't wait, and mine can; besides, grief at leaving my poor mother has spoiled my appetite, and I don't want any thing."

The next thing that happened was, that as soon as Lep's stomach was full, he became so sleepy, that he was like to fall off the mare, and Michel could not guide her, and at the same time hold the child and bag of game, which his father had given him as a present to his intended; but Fanchon said, "Give me the game-bag, and I'll tie it to my bundle, and then you can sling them before you, while I carry the boy in my arms."

So on they jogged in this way some miles farther, till they reached a wood which they had to pass through; but by this time it was getting late, and though the moon was rising, there arose also such a thick mist, that they could not find their way, while the horse frequently stumbled over the broken branches and the stumps of trees. After trying first one path and then another, and always finding they were wrong, Fanchon proposed that they should alight and walk. "Being nearer the ground, we may perhaps make out where we are; and while you lead the mare, I'll take care of the child," said she. As the wood was intersected here and there by ditches and ponds, they were in less danger on their feet than on horseback, and they got on for some distance without accident; but on reaching a spot where the thicket terminated, they found themselves on the edge of a large marsh, which Michel knew to be in an opposite direction to the road they should have gone. So they turned back again, and made another attempt, but with no better success; and to add to their misfortunes, while Michel was seeking for his hat, which the branch of a tree knocked off his head, the mare slipped the bridle from his hand, and trotted off.

"What's to be done now!" cried he. "The child can walk no farther, and I'm afraid to leave you here while I go after the mare, lest I should not be able to find you again; and if we stay here all night, the child will get his death, and you, too, with the cold. Besides, I'm by no means sure there may not be a wolf or two hereabouts!"

"We must light a fire," said Fanchon.—"Here's a large oak which will keep off the rain, and I feel plenty of dry sticks crackling under my feet; and then we must make a bed for the boy, and let him sleep till the mist clears off."

"That's easily said," answered Michel; "but where are we to get fire? And the mare has run off with my saddle-bags and every thing we had to make a bed with!"

"I've my tinder-box in my pocket," said Fanchon, as she set briskly to work to gather sticks "and we must clear a dry spot and wrap him up in my cloak!"

"And what's to become of you without it!" cried Michel.

"The fire will warm me, and I can keep myself awake," she answered, "but the child can't, and he'll get his death, if we don't take care of him while he sleeps."

It is astonishing what resources there are in a well-disposed, active, good-tempered woman, and how helpless, in certain emergencies, a man is beside her! Fanchon had a good, blazing fire, and a bed of dry leaves under the oak ready for Lep in no time; then she wrapped him in her cloak, and covered him with the game-bag, which, together with her own bundle, had slipped off the mare as she kicked up her heels and ran off."

"You must keep up the fire," said she, while I watch the child, lest the sparks should reach him."

"Upon my word, you're a capital little lass!" said Michel. "You know how to take care of a child, and to make a fire in the wood, and do every thing that's useful. I was beginning to feel cross, I can tell you, at the thoughts of passing the night here in the cold."

"And when some one's ill-temper, one generally loses one's presence of mind, too," said Fanchon. "For my part, I have often been obliged to keep the sheep on the hills in cold weather, and I should have been badly off, if I hadn't known how to make a fire!"

"What you say about losing one's temper is true enough," answered Michel; "but how to help it when things go so perversely!"

"Just remember that losing your temper will only make them worse," said Fanchon. "My mother and I have had many a hard struggle, but we never lost heart till it came to the parting to-day; but your mother says she'll perhaps hire me next year, if I learn to be a good servant at Grandpre.—so I shall keep up my courage, and live in hopes of seeing dear home again."

"I wish she had hired you at once," said Michel, "instead of sending me this wild goose-chase after a wife. You could have taken care of my children as well as any wife."

But as Michel sat with his knees toward the fire opposite Fanchon, he saw, for the first time in his life, as the light shone on her face, made the discovery that she was a very pretty girl.

"How old are you, Fanchon?" said he.

"Eighteen," said she, "but I'm so little that nobody takes me to be so old."

"Why, you're old enough to be married," said Michel.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Fanchon, "who'd marry me, I wonder?"

"That remains to be seen," said he. "Have you never thought of a husband yet?"

"Never!" answered she. "I'll never marry till I have a hundred crowns to begin housekeeping with."

"But it will take you many years to save that while you're your mother to help out of your wages," said Michel.

"But I can wait," answered Fanchon. "Folk that live single may die as happy and go to heaven as fast as the married ones."

"That's true," said Michel, thoughtfully; "but it's better to marry."

And here he fell into a reverie, out of which he by-and-by awoke, declaring that he was dying with hunger, and had nothing to eat.

"Not so bad as that, neither," said Fanchon. "As we came through the wood I plucked the chestnuts that were bobbing in my face, and when I lighted the fire I set them on the ashes. They must be about done by this time, I think; and if they're not enough for you, you can take one of the birds you brought for your intended, and I'll roast it for you betwixt a couple of stones, as we used to do the larks we caught on the hill when I kept the sheep."

"What a brute I am, never to remember that you gave your bread and cheese to Lep! Why, you must be starving, Fanchon! I had a good dinner before I started, and yet I'm as hungry as a wolf!"

"It's all habit," said Fanchon; "you are accustomed to your three or four meals a day at the farm, but I am used to fasting, and I don't mind a meal now and then."

"That's another excellent quality in a wife," said Michel, laughing.

"But I'm not a wife, nor like to be," said Fanchon.

Here Michel fell into another reverie.

"He'll be no fool that chooses you," said he.

"I hope not, for I shouldn't like to marry a fool," said she.

"I dare say you think me a stupid fellow," said he, after a pause, "for I can do nothing, and you can do every thing. But you see, Fanchon, I was set to the plough, and to guide the oxen through the furrows, wh. n I was but a little lad, and as I only worked on my father's farm, I always found my meals ready when I wanted them; and then I married young, and my poor Marguerite took care of me, but I've nobody to mind me now!"

"Couldn't Fanchon take care of you, papa?" asked little Lep, who had been awakened by the smell of the cookery, and was now sitting up and waiting for his share.

"To be sure I can," said Fanchon, who was so far from thinking of Michel as a husband for herself, that she was not in the least embarrassed by the child's question; for Blaise Pastorer was esteemed a rich farmer in that part of the country, and Fanchon's mother was in a great degree dependent on the charity of the family.

"Come," said she, to Michel, when he had finished his supper, "I see you can't keep your head up to talk, so you had better lie down by the child, and go to sleep at once, and I'll watch the fire."

"No, it is you that must lie down Fanchon," said Michel, "and I'll watch you both; for I have fifty things stirring in my head, and though I were to try never so hard, I could not steep a wink."

"Fifty things! That's too much for one head!" said Fanchon, merrily.

"Well, if I haven't fifty, I have one that I haven't been able to get out of it for the last two hours, and I should like to tell you what it is."

"I think I could tell you," said Fanchon; "you wish you were at home and in bed, instead of running the country after a wife."

"A woman I never saw!" said Michel. "I've nine minds to go back again, Fanchon. What do you say? Will you go with me?"

"I go with you!—no!" said she. "What would my poor mother do next winter if I lose the situation she has got for me with so much trouble? And as for you, I say you'd be very wrong. Why should you take such a prejudice against a girl you have never seen? Think of your good parents, too, that wish you to marry. What is your objection?"

"None, if I may choose for myself," answered Michel.

"Wait till you see her," said she.

In spite of her brave little heart and good spirits, fatigue began to tell against Fanchon at last, and the next time Michel spoke to her she was nodding. "Come my girl," said he, "lie down beside the boy, and rest till the morning dawns, and then I'll wake you both." So Fanchon stretched herself on the bed of leaves, and taking the child in her arms, was soon fast asleep. Then Michel spread the cloak over her; and as he looked at her sweet, innocent face, with little Lep lying on her bosom, he said, "Where have my eyes been all this while, that I have had this treasure under them, and never found it out? I thought she was a child, and though she's as fair and delicate as a white doe to look at, she's as hardy as a young heifer, and as tender and brave as a good woman; and that's what she is, in good faith, and a fit wife for any man. But what's this to me?" he exclaimed, turning away. "My father and mother would never hear of my marrying her, even if she would have me." Still, reason with himself as he would, he could not get out of his head that Fanchon was the wife to make him happy, and that he never should be able to fancy any other. However, the rain having ceased, and the moon shining out more clearly, he by-and-bye thought it advisable to arouse the sleepers, and endeavor him while he sleeps."

It is astonishing what resources there are in to find their way home. Fanchon was very drowsy, and as for Lep, there was no waking him at all; but Michel took him in his arms, and they trudged away for some time in hopes of finding their way out of the wood. And accordingly, after walking for upwards of an hour, Michel, with exclamations joyful, that they were approaching a house, for he saw a light shining through the trees: so they took heart, and hastened forwards; but instead of a house, they found that the light proceeded from their own fire, which the breeze had blown into a flame, where upon Michel lost all patience, exclaiming that they must be bewitched; but Fanchon said, "Come, let us make the best of it. One night in the wood won't kill us; but we must make a bed for the child again, and cover him up well, for I begin to feel the cold air of the morning."

But though Fanchon's patience was not exhausted, her limbs were; and turning as white as the handkerchief that covered her neck, she was seized with a shivering, her teeth began to chatter, and she sunk to the ground almost insensible.

"Oh, Fanchon, my girl!" cried Michel, lifting her in his arms to the bed she had made for the boy, "if she will but live you are forgiven for all this trouble and fatigue. I understood to protect you to Grandpre, and I have done you nothing but mischief. But forgive me, Fanchon, and I'll make you amends for it all, if you'll take me for your husband!"

"If you're in earnest, papa; make her say yes," cried Lep to Michel, who now entered the room with his father and mother.

Michel did make her say yes: and ere many days were passed, Fanchon became Lep's mamma, to the joy and astonishment of old Barbette, and the infinite satisfaction of all parties concerned.

WASHINGTON.—A Chinese work on America, just published by a native Chinese, holds the following language concerning Washington:—"As to Washington, he was an uncommon man. He conquered more rapidly than Shing and Kwang, and, in courage, he was superior to Tsoo and Lew, (men of much renown in Chinese history.) Seeing the two-legged reward of three cubits long, he opened the country ten thousand le, (le is one-third of a mile.) He then refused to receive a title, or to secure one for his posterity, preferring to establish an elective administration. Patriotism to be commended under the whole heaven! In administering the Government, he fostered virtuous customs, and avoided war, and made his country superior to all other nations. I have seen his portrait. His countenance exhibits great mental power.—Ah! who would not call him an uncommon man?"

Our Portrait Gallery.

PROFESSOR WILSON.

Last week we published a book notice, giving some extracts from a recent work by Professor Wilson, of Edinburgh, better known, perhaps, by many under the nom-de-plume of Christopher or Kit North. Professor Wilson was, for a long period, the editor of Blackwood's Magazine—a position which he vacated some years since, though he still contributes to its pages. He is a tall, burly, jolly, noble looking man, with a truly noble and generous nature. His numerous contributions to "Blackwood" have been published under the titles of "Noctes Ambrosianæ," "Wilson's Miscellanies," "Dies Boreales," &c. Professor Wilson is also a poet of some celebrity, though there is vastly more true poetry in his prose than in his verse.

We must not forget to add that the Professor is somewhat eccentric in his attire, and, we have understood, is generally seen in the somewhat tarry style in which he is above represented. He is a large and very majestic looking man.

Selected Poetry.

FROM GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

MEMORIES.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

Once more, once more, my Mary dear,
I sit by that lone stream;
Where first with thee my mind ear,
I heeded love's burning dream:
The birds we loved still tell their tales
Of music on each spray,
And still the willow dooks the vale—
But thou art far away.

In vain thy vanished form I seek,
By wood and stream and dell,
And tears of anguish bathe my cheek
And leave trace of regret;
And yet beneath these wild wood bowers
Dear thoughts my soul employ,
For in the memories of past hours,
I join the of thy gentle words
Around me seem to thrill,
Like sounds upon the wind-harp's chords
When all the winds are still;
Or like the one sea-shell's low swell
Of that wild spiral tone
Which beside the hollow of the bell
When its sad chimes is done.

I seem to hear thee speak my name
In accents soft and warm,
I seem to feel thy breath of flame
Upon my cheek and brow;
On my cold lips I feel thy kiss,
The thrill of rapture now—
Am I such a dream of bliss
Like other dreams must take?

Romance of History.

MARGARET LAMBRUN.

A STORY OF THE DAYS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

BY MRS. MARY E. SPENCE.

The historical incident upon which our little story is founded, happened about a year subsequent to the execution of Mary of Scotland, and after the excitement growing out of that event had, in a great measure, subsided.

The crown of Queen Elizabeth was no longer menaced; the distractions incident to the prolonged contests for the English throne, urged by her Romanoman, were dissipated, party lines were effaced by common desire, and the fast-hastened isle was "merrie England" once more.

A vast concourse of ladies, lords, and gentlemen enlivened the royal gardens one afternoon in the month of May. The flower of Britain's chivalry and the fairest of England's daughters graced the serpentine walks; and the Maiden Queen looked proudly upon the scene, and felicitated herself with the truthful thought that no sovereign in the wide world could boast of nobler or fairer subjects than those within the scope of her vision.

Among the gay cavaliers in attendance there was one who attracted much attention by reason of his handsome person, superb attire, and quiet, unassuming deportment. He walked alone; few seemed to know him; and he acted as if he were alike indifferent to the scrutinies of one sex; and the furtive glances of the other. Certainly he was youthful—not above twenty at most—and his face was delicate, fair, and girlishly beautiful. Yet, despite the boyish expression of his face, there was a ripe maturity of his form, the almost perfect symmetry of which was advantageously displayed by the tense fashion of his apparel. He wore a mantle of blue velvet, elegantly embroidered, and lined with crimson; straight hose of pink-colored silk; a light jerkin or body waistcoat of pale yellow velvet, ornate with plain but highly plumaged gold buttons; and a cap of the same hue, with snowy plumes confined by a small brilliant. The extreme beauty of the young cavalier made him the focus of many a pair of bright eyes; but he bore their glances without designing a smile in return, and steadily refused the accommodation of resting upon them, seemingly in meditations so deep and engrossing as to render him unconscious of everything around him.

"Not know him!" exclaimed Cecilia Tempie to Sir Herbert Rand, as they were about to meet the strange cavalier in one of their promenades around the garden. "Not know him, Sir Herbert! what an ignorant squire thou art, forsooth! A cavalier of the court, like Sir Herbert Rand, should be always advertised of the name, at least, of every gentleman of quality, especially one so fair and comely as Master Anthony Sparke."

"Fair Cecily," answered the Knight, "I am out of the gossiping race. The youth I dare be sworn, is both noble and honorable, for his bearing signifieth as much, but since I have neither seen nor heard of him before this present moment, I may well plead ignorance of his name and quality.

"Do but observe," exclaimed the maiden, "how sweet his face, and comely his form! and with what a grace he wears his rich mantle. Look, Sir Herbert, and profit by what thou seest."

"A handsome youth, properly habited, graceful in mien, and peradventure extremely gallant!" responded Sir Herbert. "I would fain praise him more, to please thee, did I but know how to fashion my speech."

"Is he not the model of manly beauty!" exclaimed the volatile girl. "An Adonis—a veritable English Adonis! Yea, fie, Sir Herbert! not to know Master Anthony Sparke! He is the idol of half the gentlewomen in town."

"And of fair Cecily Tempie among the number!"

"True, true! why should Cecily Tempie affect singularity!"

"I fancy, Cecily thou art half in love with him."

"And would be entirely so were it not that my heart is not my own, but bestow upon Master Sparke. What a silly thing is a jealous lover!"

"Dost think I am jealous, Cecily!"

"That I do! Now thou art jealous of Master Sparke; and to outright thou wilt be jealous of some one else whose cheeks may be rosier than thine."

"Ah, Cecily! by my soul, thou art cruel—forgetful that the camp and the field despoiled my race of its fairness."

"Forgive me," said Cecily, tenderly, "I am very foolish; but I promise never to speak of rosy faces again, in all time to come."

As she finished speaking, the strange youth, in attempting to pass by the side of Sir Herbert, was pushed against him with great violence by the pressure of the crowd. In this sudden rencounter something dropped from beneath the folds of the stranger's mantle, which he quickly endeavored to recover, but without success. It proved to be a pistol. Sir Herbert seized the deadly weapon and grasping the young cavalier by the arm, raised the cry of "Treason!" The ladies screamed with terror and hurried precipitately away. The guards promptly made their appearance, and took the youth into custody.

As soon as the Queen heard of the circumstance, she ordered the prisoner to be brought before her. When he confronted her Majesty, he betrayed no evidence of fear; his demeanor was calm and respectful, and no emotion was visible in his countenance, except a blush which suffused it, when he discovered that the eyes of a multitude of ladies, who had thronged around the Queen, were fixed intently upon him. His uncommon beauty prepossessed all the female sentiment in his favor; and whatever might have been his offence, there was not one among the number who would not have petitioned for his pardon. Elizabeth herself was struck with the comeliness of the prisoner, and felt disposed to deal leniently with him. But she had her duty to perform, and all the feelings of the woman had to give way to the stern behests of the sovereign.

"Speak, traitor!" commanded the imperious Queen. "Tell us what bloody purpose thou hadst in view, in coming into our royal presincts with murderous weapons about thy person!"

"Madam," calmly replied the youth, undaunted by the harshness of the royal speech, "my object I shall not deny; it was wrapped in blood of one who has inflicted irreparable injury upon me and mine."

The anger which Elizabeth had, as was her wont, assumed in her opening interrogatory to the prisoner, was now converted into reality by the cool daring of the response.

"Thy villany," she exclaimed, "is only equalled by thy unblushing effrontery! Which of my faithful cavaliers didst thou seek to assassinate?"

"None, madam," returned the youth.—"Against no cavalier in your Majesty's kingdom have I grudge or ill-feeling. It was the blood of the Queen of England that I sought."

"God of my fathers! what do I hear! And, villain, hast then the audacity to speak that treason even in our own ears!"

"I spoke the truth, and thereby am willing to be judged."

"And who art thou, minion of Satan, that hatched the diabolical treason against our life and crown!"

"I am but an humble individual, madam. Though clad in the masculine habit, I yet am not a man."

"Nor shalt thou ever be a man, thou beardless traitor! That smooth face of thine shall be chopped from thy neck before thou approachest one day nearer to the era of manhood."

"May it please your Majesty, I am neither a man nor a boy, but a woman—Margaret Lambrun by name."

"A woman!" cried the astonished sovereign.

"A woman, madam, strange as it may seem," quietly answered the prisoner.

"Wretch! monster! how then darest thou offend our sight by exposing thyself in that unwomanly habit!"

"I wear it, madam, because it is my pleasure to do so, and because I imagined it would best serve my purpose in gaining access to the royal precincts. I have already stated my name. It now remains for me to add, that my husband, whom I fondly loved, was one of the victims of your Majesty's remorseless persecutions. He was, like myself, in the service of the late Queen Mary; and, like her, he forfeited his life by incurring the displeasure of her I am now addressing. I sought to avenge the death of my husband by taking that of the murderer. My scheme has been baffled, and now I am ready to become another victim. In my case no favor or indulgence is meet—I crave none. Lead me to the scaffold!"

"As God liveth!" exclaimed Elizabeth, sharply, "this coolness bodes a still bolder than a woman! Hearken, then shameless monster! What if we pardon thy iniquitous crime!"

"That would be an act for which I should be grateful."

"If our pardon be vouchsafed, thy footsteps must never more profane English soil. Exiled to France, there shalt thou remain to the end of thy life, with our royal pledge now given, that thy head shall be the forfeit if thy return to our dominions. Know then, it is our pleasure to pardon thee."

"Does your Majesty pardon me as a Queen, or as a judge?"

"Ingrate! Why the presumptuous question!"

"Because, madam, the pardon of a Queen is an act of compassion extended to one whose guilt has been made apparent; and this I seek not—I crave not the royal compassion, and would be loath to accept it. The pardon of a judge is a matter of right, with sovereign power combined by a small brilliant. The extreme beauty of the young cavalier made him the focus of many a pair of bright eyes; but he bore their glances without designing a smile in return, and steadily refused the accommodation of resting upon them, seemingly in meditations so deep and engrossing as to render him unconscious of everything around him.

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Original Lectures.

REV. DR. BAIRD'S
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TURKEY AND GREECE.

PHONOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

LECTURE XIII.

We have on the subject of our lecture to-night, Greece and Turkey. These two countries, as you see them represented on this map, constitute what I spoke of to you the other night as the South-Eastern peninsula of Europe, and they are together about as large as Spain and Portugal—perhaps rather smaller, containing about two hundred thousand square miles. At present they are divided, having separate governments. The kingdom of Greece is very small, but an extremely beautiful country; it is almost entirely covered by mountains, and there are scarcely any portions of Greece that are level to any extent. What they call plains, are very limited; the celebrated plain of Marathon is only about eight or ten miles long, and very narrow—not more than three or four miles wide. The plain about Athens, between Mount Hymettus and the sea, which is probably the most extensive in Greece, is only about seven miles long, and five or six miles wide. Besides these, you find something like plains in the Morea, or ancient Arcadia. There are very few level districts. What they call plains, they are rocky and mountainous, as are also the numerous islands around Greece. The latter, as a general rule, stand high out of the water, and are of beautiful appearance. Take Greece altogether: I think it is one of the most beautiful countries in the world; the coast particularly, where they have many fine harbors. Greece has at present a population of about one million, including the inhabitants of the islands immediately around. On the West coast, however, you have the islands forming the Ionian Republic, which belong to England; these islands are Corfu, Cephalonia, Zante, Santa Maura, Corigo, for the five principal ones, Ithaca and Paxo of smaller extent, and about six or seven others which are small and insignificant—in all thirteen or fourteen islands, containing together about a quarter of a million inhabitants. The population is chiefly Greek, but there are many Italians, and British soldiers; the Capital of the Republic is the city of Corfu in the island of Corfu—the most Northern of the whole. These thirteen or fourteen islands are called the Republic of the Ionian Islands; they have a Legislature, are are governed by a High Commissioner, appointed by England. The English keep a large military force at Corfu, and they have also a fleet there most of the time; Corfu is strongly fortified, and is of great importance to the British Empire, for as I said the other night, with Gibraltar in the West, and Malta in the middle, it gives them a foothold in all parts of the Mediterranean Sea. I suppose the number of British soldiers constantly at Corfu is about three or four thousand.

These Ionian Islands ought to belong to Greece: but as far even a thought of ceding them to her, the English have been lately picking a quarrel with the government of Greece for a small island near the coast, which they want and which I suppose the Greeks will be obliged to surrender; such a thing is hardly worthy of a Power like England. The pretext is a debt which Greece owes England, about fifty thousand pounds, I believe. It is hardly justifiable in the English to do this now; they have waited so long for their money that they can easily afford to wait longer, but they push their claim now because they know that the Greeks are poor, and will give up the island instead.

Nor is of the Kingdom of Greece, you see the Empire of Turkey, which also is very small—only or eighty thousand square miles of territory; it is one of the finest countries in the world, but very poorly cultivated. Turkey has only about ten millions of inhabitants, which seems to us almost incredible, as so large a country as she ought to have thirty millions at least, if she were as populous as France, and the country is abundantly able to sustain that number. But she is opposed to have only about ten millions; I say "opposed to have," for the Turks have not taken a census for a very long time, and we cannot know the exact population. There are only twenty six millions of people in the whole Turkish Empire, including Turkey in Asia, and the part of Africa which is under their dominion. And of this Empire containing twenty six millions of inhabitants, you may say that there are twelve millions of them who are nominally Christians. In many parts of the country, the latter enjoys in number the Turks themselves particularly in the Northern Provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia, about which there have been so much difficulty; there are many Christians also, in the centre of Turkey, and vast number who are nominally Christians, on the West coast here, where the coast of Turkey is washed by the Adriatic Sea, the population is principally Italian, and a good deal of commerce is carried on between this portion of the Turkish Empire and the ports of Italy. I have given you these particulars, because it is important to have a correct idea of these countries.

Now, let us go back to the history of the beautiful countries which form the subject of these remarks. First let me say that these ancient countries in Europe which have produced such natural advantages than Turkey and Greece. They are very healthy; the people sometimes suffer from bilious fevers, but that is only to a limited extent, and along the coast. The climate is mild; they have cold winters about as in Pennsylvania, but only for a short time, and it is nothing like the cold weather we have here; it is a much milder climate than that of Russia, by a great deal. As to the soil, I think that the Turks can produce in their country anything that we can cultivate here. You know that some years ago the Turkish Government applied to our Government for some persons or persons to teach the raising of cotton to their people, and according to Mr. Paul and Mr. Davis, of South Carolina, he took out with him every thing necessary for the purpose, and I have no doubt that he has taught them the process thoroughly. He found them exceedingly ignorant of agriculture and using such implements as a farmer here would not accept as a gift; he found that they employed the very same kind of plough that we originally made by Triptolemus, the inventor of ploughs. It was nothing more than a mallet or gouge, with which they scratched over the ground; the Greek plough is just the same showing no improvement, and of course agriculture was very backward. The Turks have established a school for Dr. Davis, however, to which came the Turkish youths from all parts of the Empire; and where was taught, not only the raising of cotton, but various other productions—among others, Indian corn, for which they appear peculiarly fitted. Dr. Davis told me that the Turks did not produce one-fourth of what they were able to; but with their antiquated implements, it was a wonder that they raised as much as they had there. It is not only a fine country for Indian corn, but it has been found that cotton will grow well; the first year Dr. Davis raised one bale to send to England which he considered was doing pretty well—but later could readily raise crops for what in Turkey, but it is never done, because wine-drinking is against the religion of the Turks, and they are the most temperate people in the world. Neither are the vine cultivated in Greece, although it could be readily done, but they still produce the finest grapes—particularly the currant, and also pomegranate, in the Southern parts, they raise fruits which are generally considered tropical—the orange, lemon, citron, &c.

Now, let me say a few words about the history of these countries. As to the early history of Greece and Turkey, we know considerable about it—much more than of the other countries of Europe, because the history is longer. The first histories of the world were those that were wrote in Greece, and although they relate most that is uncertain tradition, still they give so much that we must depend upon. Greece was settled very soon after the Deluge, and was already inhabited by various tribes at prospective the Pelasgians first planted colonies there; they came there long before the time of our Saviour—about twelve or fifteen hundred years before Christ—introduced letters into Greece; he was not the inventor of letters, I suppose, but he brought with him to Greece the Phœnician alphabet. Civilization commenced in Greece very early, because it was brought there by civilized men from Phœnicia, and it went on rapidly increasing, although there was not for a long time several small Republics, and some of them soon became powerful; among the most prominent were those of Athens, Sparta, and Thebes; the others were comparatively insignificant. Unfortunately, however, these three most powerful Governments were often at war with one another, and in that way weakened their force in regard to their common enemies. Notwithstanding these dissensions, it is wonderful to see how Greece civilization went on increasing, in comparison with that of other countries: although it was not a civilization which reached the masses—a considerations which we esteem essential—still the Greeks certainly did wonders.—To a country because quite populous, and must have been cultivated with a great deal of skill, in order to sustain so large a population. It has now nearly a million of people, but it would easily have more if the country were cultivated, and must have had more in former times.

The Greeks, as I said, established Republics, and although they were frequently defective in essential parts, they still had a great deal of liberty; with this liberty, too, they had associated much slavery of a certain kind. These Republics were different in character. Sparta was entirely a military Government, and formed a perfect contrast to Athens. The Athenians advanced in letters rapidly, and became the most cultivated people in the world; but you never hear any thing of the literature of Sparta; you have never heard of celebrated Spartan authors, historians or poets. All the literature of Greece centred in Athens; the Athenians took that course from the beginning. Their Government was much more popular than that of Sparta, and gave scope to good laws, which made Athens what it was in importance. They excelled, too, not only in literature, but in commerce, and the latter was very important; the Athenians planted colonies in many parts of Europe. The island of Sicily, and the Southern part of Italy, for instance, were settled by colonies from Athens, and that Republic became the most important in Greece. Colonies went from Greece into Asia Minor also, where they founded many cities—Smyrna, for instance—and those colonial cities produced many distinguished men; although not born in Greece, they were called Greeks, and also many persons who were natives of the colonies in Italy, distinguished themselves as Greek authors. Most of these foreign colonies were originally from Athens, or from Corinth, which was West of Athens, nearly in a direct line, and situated on a bay of the same name, but you hear nothing of the colonies of Sparta; they distinguished themselves in military affairs, and that was all.

It is wonderful to what a point of excellence the Greeks reached, and if you travel in Greece now, and pass through any town mentioned by ancient history, you will find some remnants of their glorious antiquity, and these are generally very striking and beautiful as works of art. The ruins of Greece are much more beautiful than those of Rome, for in the latter city nearly all their public buildings were built of brick, but in Greece their celebrated edifices were entirely of the finest marble, which Italy did not possess. On that account, the Greeks had a great advantage, and they showed it particularly in Athens. But you find other places than Athens that distinguished; about twelve miles above that city, you find the town of Eleusis, where are the ruins of the beautiful Temple of Ceres. But at the Southern point of Attica, you may see the remains of the Temple of Minerva, which was one of the most magnificent in all Greece, or it you go over to Ægina, you find the Temple of Jupiter. The city of Corinth has very few celebrated buildings, although they were once numerous, and also a city of eight hundred thousand inhabitants; her ruins, however, are unimportant; you may see the Acropolis, which is in Corinth, a natural hill, quite high and fortified on the top; it is much larger than that of Athens, but has not many remains of edifications, only some ruins of a Temple of Neptune. If you go down into the Morea, you find many ruins of ancient times, and those show you how well the old Greeks constructed their public buildings.—They were massive and substantial, and in many cases built throughout of the most beautiful marble; the Greeks brought some of their best materials of this kind from the Island of Paros, from which it was called Parian marble.

The fine arts must have been carried to a great extent in ancient Greece, as her many beautiful ruins will show; painting, sculpture, and eloquence were particularly cultivated.—Besides this, her commerce was very extensive, and her literature particularly great; the Greek was, and still is, one of the most perfect of languages. These advantages were not confined to Greece, however; for they planted flourishing colonies in almost every part of Europe. Greek colonization was extended to France, Italy and the South of Italy, to the North of Africa, and finally we hear of the Greeks planting colonies in the South of Russia. With these settlements, the Greek language gradually spread, and it soon became the language of cultivated Europe; in this way their extensive literature was made known to all nations. At the time of our Saviour, the Greek and the Latin languages divided the civilized world, and it is curious to see from what small beginnings that language spread so over Europe. With its spread, too, Greek ideas, and many nations obtained their first thoughts of liberty from that source; these ideas of liberty, however, had been received in Greece originally from the Phœnicians and Jews, directly or indirectly.

It would be tedious for me and for you, to go into the details of the history of the Greek Republics. You are probably aware that they all flourished for a time, and then sunk down after a few hundred years of power and prosperity; but their wealth and their luxuriousness corrupted while they lost spirit and courage, and another cause of their downfall was the rise of nations immediately around them, who were too powerful for Greece. A few hundred years before, however, they had become united under Philip of Macedon, who invaded Greece in vast numbers; for centuries, Asia ruined the Eastern side of Europe by her barbarian emigrations; and Greece suffered more than any other country by these invasions. The Persians, however, were somewhat civilized; they extended their dominion greatly, and advanced into Asia Minor. It was here that they first came into collision with the Greek colonies established there, and afterwards they twice invaded Greece—the invasions being conducted first by Darius, and afterwards by his son Xerxes. Xerxes marched his immense army into that country, by constructing a bridge of boats across the Dardanelles, but he had made a long journey between the two straits; those straits, nevertheless, the Persians were signally defeated, first under Darius, upon the plain of Marathon, and afterwards under Xerxes, in the great naval battle of Salamis, in the strait of that name, which is to be found in that Greek literature. It has been calculated that the Greek language contains of an classical literature, compared with the Roman language—in which, however, this species of writing had only a short existence, about two hundred years—as much. Two thirds of all Xerxes' army were destroyed in that conflict; and after this great defeat the invasions were almost upon the invasions of Persia still they were so exceedingly well disciplined that they were able to resist successfully the numerous armies of their invaders. The battle of Marathon was fought 490, B C., and that of Salamis, just ten years later—480, B C.

In later times, when Alexander the Great or Macedon arose, he took a great fancy to the Greeks whom his father Philip had conquered, indeed, he claimed to be a Greek himself, and was so, if we may consider Macedonia part of Greece, as it afterwards was, for it was settled by Greeks; he established Grecian cities in many parts of Asia, and carried Greek civilization and Greek literature into Egypt. For although the country was taken possession of by Rome about 146 B. C., and governed as a province under the name of Achaia, that province exerted a vast influence upon Europe, Athens and Corinth were not the great cities for philosophy and poetry, and for everything else making a high civilization. The consequence was that the Roman youth went to Athens and to Corinth to study philosophy and laws, and among the rest went the celebrated orator, Cicero; by this constant intercourse, the Greek civilization became, in fact, not only in Rome, but throughout the pagan part of Europe. It is interesting to see how extensive the Greek literature became, under the encouragement. That Greek literature and the existence of Greek poetry for centuries, I suppose the language was a pure one for that period. It began to be a pure language as early as one thousand years before our Saviour, and it continued very soon after the taking of Constantinople by the Turks, in the year 1453; thus it has been calculated that the language was engaged in the work of producing its literature for twenty-five centuries. And what an immense deal there is to be found in that Greek literature! It has been calculated that the Greek language contains of an classical literature, compared with the Roman language—in which, however, this species of writing had only a short existence, about two hundred years—as much. Two thirds of all Xerxes' army were destroyed in that conflict; and after this great defeat the invasions were almost upon the invasions of Persia still they were so exceedingly well disciplined that they were able to resist successfully the numerous armies of their invaders. The battle of Marathon was fought 490, B C., and that of Salamis, just ten years later—480, B C.

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SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1850.

SATURDAY EVENING POST

STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,

[No. 66 South Third Street, Philad'a,

Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with dispatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.

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KOSSUTH'S LAST PROCLAMATION.

Our readers will probably recollect the publication some months ago of a document purporting to be the "farewell proclamation" of Kossuth to his countrymen, dated at Widin, in Turkey, and containing an avowal that his "principles had not been those of Washington, nor his conduct that of Tell." The whole article was thus made contradictory, or at least very obscure. To arrive at the real meaning of so singular a declaration, an American gentleman in constantinople lately wrote to Kossuth, asking him of course to have written the paper asking for the favor of a translation of the original. He received a denial of the authenticity of the whole thing in a letter, of which the following is an ext—act, full cark

"HUTAPA, 14th June, 1850.

* * * * "I beg leave to state, with all modesty, how very disagreeable it is to me to see that the farewell proclamation you please to allude to, is attributed to me. No, my dear sir, I am too proud of my faculties; but, notwithstanding, I would feel ashamed should I have written any thing in my life so bad as this proclamation. I cannot conceive how any one could have been so base as to usurp my name and to prostitute it before the world by such a vile imposture.

"I declare upon honor that I had no part in it and no knowledge of the whole proclamation and that it is totally suppositious, false and apocryphal.

"I not only authorise you, sir, but pray you to make publicly known this my declaration through the periodical press of America, in the manner you shall judge most convenient. * * *

"Signed, L. KOSSUTH."

Kossuth is a true patriot, loving his country before all others; nevertheless, we believe him to be imbued with that true Republican spirit which induces sympathy with liberty wherever it is found. He is a Hungarian first, and afterwards a democrat; and could happiness be secured to his country by other than Republican institutions, he would doubtless leave them for future years. On a late occasion, says the gentleman to whom the above letter was addressed, M. Kossuth was in conversation with a party of Americans, and after rising to his feet with an eminently solemn and dignified air, and drawing a vivid picture of the blessing of living among the free people of the American Confederation, he said, in eloquently solemn words:

"If, after all, I would rather dwell as the meanest laborer in Hungary free, than to receive the greatest honor of this world, that of being President of the United States."

TAYLOR OBSEQUIES.

The Taylor Obsequies in New York, on Tuesday last, were very magnificent. The line which formed in the Park, extended up through the Bowery beyond Union Park, and down through Broadway back to the Park, a distance of seven miles. The procession embraced, it is said, seventeen thousand seven hundred men, including the military, societies, firemen, etc. The Bier was beautiful in execution, and the banners and funeral decorations, were all in strict keeping with the solemnity of the occasion. The pall-bearers were the highest thirty, representing the several States. We noticed Gen. Scott and Gen. Wool in the line. The music through the entire line was good, and at the close of the march an impromptu dirge was sung before the City Hall, by the Germania Musical Society. The services of the day concluded with an oration by David S. Adam, in the Park, which, however, owing to the lateness of the hour, was not listened to by a large audience.

BALLOONING.

An account in Lancaster, Pa., announcing his intention of making an ascension, states there is room left for two more passengers—fare, $150. The trip is said to be worth risking the risk of getting his neck broke, in one of the last devices of this money-making age.

Congressional News

THIRTY-FIRST CONGRESS

SENATE.

On the 22d, after the resignation of Mr. Cooper, had been accepted by the Senate, the Omnibus Bill came up, the question pending being on Mr. Foote's amendment, providing that California shall not attempt to exercise jurisdiction over the territory south of 35 30, until the question of establishing a Territorial Government over the country, shall have been submitted to the people.

Mr. Turney moved to amend the amendment, so as to exclude California, when she shall have established her boundaries, by assembling a convention and form a State Constitution.—Rejected—26 nays 28.

Mr. Davis, of Miss., moved to amend the amendment, so as to provide for the repeal of the laws abolishing slavery. At last he was willing to submit to the provisions of the 3d Mr. Foote then moved a postponement of the subject till next day. Agreed to. Messrs. Bradbury, Rusk and Foote, then gave their reasons. Adjourned.

In the House, the Omnibus Bill was taken up. Mr. Stanly withdrew temporarily his pending amendment; and Mr. Bradbury moved the adoption of the amendment previously given notice of—providing for the settlement of the boundary of the State by a Board of Commissioners of the Governor of Texas.

Mr. Rose moved to amend the amendment by striking out of the title of Texas the words "as is" in accordance with the Act of the Convention of Texas defining her limits, which was carried—yeas 18 nays 34.

Mr. Rose then moved a modified amendment to the effect that until the duties of the Board of Commissioners shall have been completed, the rights of the United States and Texas respectively shall remain as they were left by the ratification of the Guadaloupe Hidalgo Treaty. A discussion arose, in which Mr. Bayly argued that the amendment proposing a Board of Commissioners, and the bill in general, contemplated the extraordinary course now being pursued by the friends of the bill, was evidence that they had not of the great objects which it had been said was the strongest reason for the passing of the various incoherent measures.

Mr. Bayly replied in support of his amendment, and the whole conclusion between Messrs. Bayly, Dawson, Berrien, and Davis of Mass., was prolonged.

On the 26th, after receiving petitions and reports, the Senate took up Mr. Case's resolution relative to the expediency of introducing the existence of civil authority, by military officers of the United States.

Mr. Houston addressed the Senate in rejoinder to Mr. Pearce's speech; charging the late President with having been actuated by a spirit of rancor, vindictive animosity toward Texas, both as a military chief and an Executive officer. He was glad, however, before concluding, at the request of Mr. Clay, who hoped a vote would be had upon the Omnibus Bill, which was then taken up. Mr. Hale's amendment being first in order.

This read as follows:

"And the rights both of the United States and Texas in the territory in dispute shall remain the same as they were at the date of the exchange of the ratifications of the Treaty of Guadaloupe Hidalgo, and neither party shall be prejudiced by anything which has subsequently occurred, nor shall either party take any further step to the exercise of those rights in possession until the Commissioners shall have been appointed and the duties devolved upon them by the Act of Congress or Texas shall have acted definitely thereon."

After some discussion, a vote was taken, and the amendment rejected—yeas 23, nays 30—as follows:

YEAS—Messrs Badger, Baldwin, Benton, Berrien, Bradbury, Clarke, Cooper, Davis of Mass, Dodge of Wis, Dodge of Iowa, Downs, Hale, Hamlin, Mason, Norris, Phelps, Sebastian, Shields, Spruance, Underwood, Upham, Wales, Walker.

NAYS—Messrs. Atchison, Barnwell, Bright, Butler, Chase, Clay, Davis of Miss., Dawson, Dayton, Dickinson, Dodge of Iowa, Downs, Fitch, Foote, Hunton, Jones, Lewis, King, Mangum, Mason, Morton, Pearce, Rusk, Soulé, Sebastian, Sumner, Sturgeon, Turney, Whitcomb, Yulee.

Mr. Bradbury, at the request of Mr. Benton, withdrew his proposition for a Board of Commissioners by striking out the clause directing the President of the United States, in transmitting the report of the Commissioners to Congress, to make such recommendations as he may think proper.

Mr. Benton then moved to amend the amendment, by adding a proviso that the Board of Commissioners shall not recommend any line between Texas on part of New Mexico, either East or West of the Rio Grande. This, after debate, was rejected—yeas 18 nays 34.

Mr. Mason moved another amendment, which was also especially aimed first by Mr. Mason, so as to provide that the Commissioners should run and establish the boundary of Texas as it properly exists at the admission of Texas. Rejected—25 yeas to 27 nays.

At 5 o'clock the Senate adjourned.

On the 27th Mr. Clay presented a petition of Natives who served in the Gulf, or on the Pacific during the war with Mexico—asking three months' extra pay and bounty lands. Referred to Naval Committee.

Mr. Dodge, in a short speech, alluded to the gallant services of Naval officers on land during the Mexican war, mentioning Commodore Stockton in illustration. He hoped Congress would give some substantial of its appreciation of the services of the gallant Navy.

When the Omnibus Bill came up, the question pending was Mr Rusk's motion to amend Mr. Bradbury's amendment. Considerable discussion arose, ending by the rejection of the motion—yeas 19, nays 30.

Mr. Clay offered, and subsequently withdrew, an amendment; and then Mr. Seward offered an amendment to the amendment, in effect substituting a provision for the admission of New Mexico as a State by Proclamation of the President, provided he shall be satisfied that the Constitution formed by her Convention has been ratified by her people.

This amendment gave rise to much exciting debate, in which Mr. Seward warmly supported his proposition, and Mr. Pratt inveighed against it as unconstitutional to the last degree. At length, after somewhat personal remarks between Messrs. Hale, Pratt and Seward, the latter gentleman's amendment was rejected—yeas 11, nays 42.

The Senate then adjourned.

On the 27th, after the reading of the journal, Mr. Davis, of Massachusetts, presented the credentials of Hon. Thomas Ewing, to take the place of Thomas Corwin.

After the presenting of memorials and reports, Mr. Douglass offered a resolution, making the previous question when demanded by a majority of the members present, a rule of the Senate, cutting off all debate, amendments, &c. Laid over.

A message was received from the House of Representatives, announcing the death of one of the members, Honorable Daniel P. King, of Massachusetts.

Mr. Davis, of Massachusetts, delivered a eulogium. The Senate then adjourned.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 22nd, Mr. Featherston introduced a bill for the regulation of the payment of interest on claims against the United States, and preventing those engaged in the State Departments from acting as claim agents against the Government. R-ferred to the Judiciary Committee.

Reports of Committees were made, and several referred. The bill providing for the holding of U. S. Courts, during sickness or disability of the Judge in Virginia was passed. After further important business, and a resolution made and withdrawn by Mr. Savage, the House adjourned.

On the 24th, Mr. Potter, from the Post-Office Committee, reported a bill to reduce and modify the rates on postage, as proposed by him last week. R-ferred to the Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union. After reading reports, the House then went into Committee, and Mr. Bayly moved to lay aside the California Bill, and take up the bill making appropriations for the West Point Academy—agreed to, yeas 93 nays 60.

Debate arose, in which the subject of Slavery and California was handled with great latitude. Mr. Wilmot said the friends of California were desirous of speedy action. They began to apprehend that California was lost, and wished the California Bill to take precedence of the Appropriation Bill. Mr. W. replied to Mr. McClernand, of Illinois, who, he said, opposed the admission of California. He believed that the interests of the South controlled the Republic, and wielded its destinies, and he opposed slavery as he did bank stock, and manufacturing stock combines as monopoly interest, because it was senseless, heartless, and unfeeling, regardless of the rights of humanity. Morality does not consist in wearing the collar of slavery. He rejoiced that he had done something towards the defeat of Mr

Selected Poetry.

THIS WORLD IS FULL OF BEAUTY.

[The following poem is from the *London Weekly Times*. One verse of it, that has been going through the papers by itself, we have already published; but as *it* is all good, we now publish the poem entire.]

There is a voice within me,
And 'tis no sweet a voice,
That in soft leanings win me,
Till tears start to mine eyes;
Deep from my soul it springeth,
Like hidden melody;
And evermore it singeth
This song of songs to me
This world is full of beauty,
As other worlds above,
And if we do our duty,
It might be full of love.

If faith and loving kindness
Passed coin 'twixt heart and heart,
Old Egoty's dark blindness
And Malice would depart.
If men were more forgiving,
Were kind words oftener spoken,
Instead of sours so grieving,
There would be fewer hearts broken.
When Plenty's round is smiling,
Why wishes this cry for bread?
Why are crushed millions toiling,
Ounce—clothed in rags—naked?

The sunny hills and valleys
Blush ripe with fruit and grain,
But the lording of the palace
Still robs his fellow men.
Oh, God! what hosts are trampled
Amidst this prose of gold!
What noble hearts are sapped of life,
What sperm lose their hold!
And yet upon this God blessed earth
There's room for every one;
Ungarner'd food still ripens,
No waste, rot in the sun;
For the world is full of beauty,
As other worlds above,
And if we do our duty,
It might be full of love!

Let the law of bloodshed perish,
War, gore and glory, splendor—
And men will learn to cherish
Feelings more kind and tender
When we true unto each other.
We'd vanquish Hate and Crime,
And clasp the hand of brother,
In any land or clime;
If gold were not an idol,
Were mind and merit worth,
(Ah! there would be a bridal
Betwixt high heaven and earth!

Were truth an attuned language,
Angels might talk with men,
And God-illumined earth should see
The golden age again;
For the lost-tongues of the forest—
The flower-lips of the sod—
The birds that hymn their rapture
Into the ear of God—
And the verser wind that bringeth
The music of the sea,
Have each a voice that exgeth
This song of songs to me
"The world is full of beauty,
As other worlds above,
And if we did our duty,
It might be full of love."

Selected Articles.

COURT WEEK IN THE SOUTH-WEST: GAMBLERS, &c.

FROM THE LITERARY WORLD.

The people seem to look upon law as a species of amusement, and to regard "Court Week" in something of the light that the Down-Easter does the "General Training." The most petty cases, even in the Justice's Court, are takeen in with a formality, and conducted with an earnestness which is but little in keeping with the amount at stake. Some years since, a very sensible and worthy Yankee—a physician—was elected "Justice," and for a time he was after he had been properly qualified for the office, called upon to decide in a weighty matter, probably involving the value of five dollars. At nine in the morning, the doctor made his appearance, and about noon after, the case, attorneys followed suit, each loaded down with books, as if they were about to be engaged in some such momentous affair as the suit of Mrs. Gaines, or the heirs of Anke Jans. "For heaven's sake, gentlemen," exclaimed the alarmed justice, "you do not expect to read them through to me! if you do, I shall tell you once for all, that I am appointed, not to judge of nice points of law, but to give my decisions according to the simple dictates of justice and common sense; and if you do not like *that*, you can take your case out of my shop, and carry it up."

To work the opposing counsel went, and despite the deprecatory prayer of the afflicted magistrate, read page after page, case after case, point after point, precedent after precedent, Coke upon Littleton, and Littleton upon somebody else, on his devoted head; until, perfectly bewildered, he allowed them to have their own way. As usual the "Court" adjourned for dinner; and after dinner, at if they went again until dark, and the case was then put over until the morrow. After the adjournment, and before leaving the house, Dr. ——— turned to Mr. ———, the longer winded of the two pettifoggers, and said:

"Mr. ———, I have heard you with patience, and have wasted one entire day about this trifling case. If your time is worth nothing, *mine is*, and I shall come here to-morrow at nine to give you my decision. If you can possibly have any more to say, you must be here at that hour, and after my arrival, or you can settle the affair between yourselves, as you best may."

Mr. ——— assured the doctor that he would conclude in a few words, and they parted for the night.

At the appointed time the doctor arrived on horseback, hitched his horse, went in, took his seat, and as he did so, pulled out his watch and laid it upon the table before him.

The case re-commenced, and ——— again went on with his interminable argument. After listening for an hour, the doctor very quietly put his watch in his pocket, left the room, mounted his horse, and rode off upon his business, leaving Mr. ——— continuing his eloquence, and supposing the doctor's absence was but temporary.—How long he continued I know not, but it was long a standing joke against him; and it is said the doctor was bored with no more tedious cases.

To the town, where—for the time being—the District Court is in session, flock all the petty gamblers of the adjoining county. As a general thing, they are men of very small capital indeed. In fact, the chief stock in trade of these "*chevaliers d'industrie*," who are always to be found upon such occasions, it is very seldom that more than one of them possesses enough of the *ear persuasive* to commence business, with a very moderate *Faro Bank*. Around the head, when opened, the remainder of the gang cling, until a run of luck shall have made some one of them master of the funds, and broken the pro tem banker.

The class holder of their very circulating medium, now commences business himself, and continues until tripped up in the same manner as his predecessor, as the game continues to be played day after day, and week after week, rebounding one—for all the world like a ball—for a hero pursuing the fortunate finder of a kernel of corn, chasing her until she drops it; and then—the loser joining with her composers in the chase—all hands start after the finder, until the dispersed article is again found (some one usually is), all attended to their legitimate business, each might have found a kernel of her own.

The "picayune gambler," as he is there called, usually owns a horse and *saggage*, and a floating capital of from fifty cents to one hundred dollars. The horse is his last resource, and only staked when affairs become desperate indeed; when lost, the quondam owner is said to be *dar trade at dat tented*, and must beg, borrow, or steal, for a *cooke*.

As they never work, and are always hanging about the taverns and groceries, it is rather astonishing how they contrive to subsist; but subsist they do, and as each clique about every little town have just a certain amount of money among them, I imagine that stray pigeons are found in sufficient numbers, from time to time, whose plucking serves to keep their expenses from eating up their capital.

The quiet inhabitants do not dare to interfere with the class openly, but on the contrary, prefer keeping up some pretence of good fellowship with them; and all attempts to uproot them by law have entirely failed.

The town of ——— was more than usually infested with these pernicious vermin, and the Judges and District Attorneys determined, for once, to put every engine of the law in force against them.

The first attempt was made by Judge J., who was himself fond of a quiet game. Now the laws of Texas punish sample card playing as well as gambling; and towards the close of the term, the Judge had a quiet hint given him that he, and nearly every member of the bar, had been inducted, and a true bill found against them, for card-playing in their rooms. He was forced to adjourn the Court, and not appear there again.

Judge S. followed, but as had been seen to play a game of euchre with his wife, by some indefatigable or interested person, and to his utter astonishment, found his name included among those indicted for gambling. *He*, in a violent rage, adjourned the Court upon the spot.

This last affair aroused everybody in the country, as much as it did the faro players. The old Judge has well earned the soubriquet of "Old Dignity," by his extreme pomposity. He spoke of himself upon all possible occasions as "the Court." One day passing down the main street in ——, a mule that had been hitched to an awning-post wheeled, and nearly kicked him.—The Judge, apparently furious, gesticulated, and shook his cane violently at the offending animal, and a wag who was passing at the time declared positively that Judge S. had said in an emphatic tone, "*if that mule had kicked this Court, this Court would have sent that mule to jail.*" This story, which obtained extensive circulation, annoyed the old gentleman prodigiously.

Having played the same game twice, the gamblers prepared to turn a new trump at the next session. They had their spies and witnesses about, and when a non-card-playing, but very good-natured Judge made his appearance, and the Grand Jury came in to work, to obtain proper testimony relative to faro dealing, &c., they got rather more than they wanted, for information was laid against almost every respectable man in the county, including the members of the Grand Jury, foreman and all.

They let the ticklish subject slip through their fingers, and the whole affair was laughed at as a capital joke.

At last came Judge W., a stern, uncompromising man, who would have had no scruples or remorse in punishing the whole county, had they transgressed the laws, and we thought that the gamblers' game was up.

He actually succeeded in sentencing five of the most notorious to a fine of one thousand dollars each, and an imprisonment of six months. This was all very well, but the next thing was to collect the fine, and find a place to incarcerate them. As far as the fine was concerned, that he thought he had fixed, for their imprisonment was to continue until it was paid; and as for the imprisonment, there being no jail in the county, he gave them an order for board and lodging upon a public establishment of the penitentiary—not penitential—order in the next county.

The rogues were a set of jolly vagabonds, and had that species of honor said to exist among thieves. They offered the Sheriff to save him the trouble of a ride of sixty miles and back, and deliver themselves up, and the offer was trusted them so far, as to accompany himself alone without guard.

He delivered them over upon a fine *Saturday* afternoon, and upon parting, they inquired if he had any word to send home.

On *Sunday morning*, they were back again in time for breakfast, and as our Sheriff had fulfilled *his* duty, and the jailer below was glad to be rid of them, they were let alone. This terminated the legal war upon the gamblers, and they were given up as a bad job.

GIBRALTAR A HUMBUG.

David Urquhart, an Englishman, and likewise a Member of Parliament, has written and published a work entitled "*The Pillars of Hercules or Travels in Spain and Morocco.*" In this work Mr. Urquhart takes all romance out of the celebrated fortress of Gibraltar, and adds a few plain facts, which must be particularly interesting to Englishmen, in reference to its uses and cost to the people. As a plain matter-of-fact description of what has already been considered an impregnable fortress, this extract will be read with interest:—

There is no place of which it is more difficult to form an idea without seeing it, than Gibraltar. One naturally expects to find a fortress closing the Mediterranean with its celebrated galleries and enormous guns facing the Straits. It is nothing of the kind.

The Straits are, at the narrowest part, seven miles and a quarter wide; but that part is fifteen miles from Gibraltar. It is only after you have passed the Narrows that you see the Rock away to the left. Couta, in like manner, recedes to the right; the width being here twelve miles. The current runs in the centre, sweeping vessels along, and instead of being exposed to inconvenience from either fortress, they would generally find it difficult to get under their guns. The batteries and galleries face Spain, and look landward, not seaward. Whatever its value in other respects, it is quite a mistake to suppose that it commands the Straits, or has ever had a gun mounted for that purpose.

Gibraltar is a tongue three miles long and one broad, running out into the sea, pointing to Africa, and joined to Spain at the Northern extremity by a low isthmus of sand. It presents as almost perpendicular face to the Spanish coast seen from the "Queen of Spain's Chair," it resembles a lion couching on the point, its head toward Spain, its tail toward Africa, as if it had cleared the Straits at a spring. Geologically speaking, it belongs to the African hills, which are limestone, and not to those of the opposite Spanish coast, which are crystaline. Mount Abyla is called by the Moors after Musa, who planned the expedition, and Calpe is named after Tarif, the leader who conducted it. Seen from the mountains above Algeziras, the rock resembles a man lying on his back with his head on one side. The resemblance of Mount Athos to a man I have made out in a similar manner.

Gibraltar has neither harbor nor anchorage. The Bay and anchorage are commanded by the Spanish forts, St. Barbara and St. Philip. These are levelled at present; but they will arise on the only occasion that we can require protection—that is in war, when we don't have them. They therefore, must be restored in the month's eye, if you would form any estimate of the value of the fortress in case of war. They were dismantled during the late war by the Spanish Government, lest the French should seize them, and destroy the English shipping. The Spanish Government, however, formally reserved its right to rebuild them. The question has been lately raised by our sinking one of their men-of war in their own Waters, while pursuing a smuggler.

The guns of St. Barbara command the anchorage and batter the harbor; the shells from it and St. Philip pass clean over the Rock, lengthways, and can be dropped into every creek where a shoulder or rock might shelter a vessel from the direct fire. During the peace of France and Spain, the post was of no use. Unless when superior at sea, we had to sink our vessels to save them.

Gibraltar does not command the Straits. It does not protect Spain. It does not protect the navy. It does not afford shelter for shipping in case of war. It does not advantage, but seriously incommodes our trade. It does not afford the means of invading or of overawing, or even in any way assisting Spain, however much it may irritate her; for no fertile country, populous region, or wealthy city is exposed to it, and there is no highway by land or sea which it can command.

Gibraltar was confirmed to us at the treaty of Utrecht, but without any jurisdiction attached to it, and upon the conditions that no smuggling should be carried on thence into Spain. These conditions we daily violate. We exercise jurisdiction by canons shot in the Spanish waters (for the Bay is all Spanish). Under our batteries, the smuggler runs for protection; he ships his bales at our quays; he is either the agent of our merchants, or is insured by them; and the king pays all the key of the lock, and a signal to him the movements of the Spanish cruisers.

When this was told to M. Thiers, he would not believe it, till he went out and watched the bells and flags, and had the use explained to him by a boatman of the port.

Napoleon, in captivity, being asked if he really had the intention of attacking Gibraltar, or the hope of getting possession of it, answered, "It was not my business to relieve England from such a possession. It shuts nothing, it opens nothing, it is of no intelligence—it is a pledge given by England to France, because it ensures to England the undying hatred of Spain."

Now let us see the cost. Gibraltar must have cost at least £50,000,000. If any one were to do up the items of taking it off our hands, we should save £30,000,000 more, for the interest of that sum is absorbed by its yearly outlay.

I cannot speak of this place in any sense as English. I must recollect only and describe it as Moorish. To the Moors it owes its reputation and its strength; and if half the money that it was acquired by them in a fair, open, stand-up fight. It was selected with judgment, fortified with skill, and defended with valor. The reason why the place was of importance to the Moors was, that they were *mounting Spain from Africa*, and that, without the *superiority at sea*.

We have had experience of Gibraltar for a century and a half; we have carried on great wars during that time, maritime and territorial combined. For Mediterranean, as well as the ocean, has been the field of our operations. Spain has been the arena of contest. In the course of time, there has been no series of events so calculated to bring out the value of the fortress, if it had any, (except as above stated), yet what have we to show? Merely a position which we have defended. We never acted from it; we have never invaded Spain by it; we have never supported Spain through it; we have never resisted at it. It has figured in war solely in consequence of operations against it, or by the necessity of accumulating and looking up there our resources for its protections.

Wit and Humor.

THE FIVE CRADLES.

A man who had recently become a votary to Bacchus, returned home one night in an intermediate state of boosiness. That is to say, he was comfortably drunk, but perfectly conscious of his unfortunate situation. Knowing that his wife was asleep, he decided to attempt gaining his bed without disturbing her, and sleeping off his inebriation, conceal the fact from her altogether. He reached the door of his room without creating much disturbance, and after ruminating a few moments on the matter, he thought if he could reach the bed-post, and hold on to it while he slipped off his apparel, the remainder of the feat would be easily accomplished. Unfortunately for his scheme, a cradle stood in a direct line with the bed-post, about the middle of the floor. Of course, when his shins came in contact with the aforesaid piece of furniture, he pitched over it with a perfect looseness, and upon gaining an erect position, ere an equilibrium was established, he went over it backward in an equally summary manner. Again he struggled to his feet, and went head-foremost over the bower of infant happiness. At length, with the fifth fall his patience became exhausted, and the object was yet to be overcome. In desperation he cried out to his sleeping partner: "Wife! wife! how many cradles have you got in the house? I've fallen over *two*, and there's another afore me!" Suffice it to say that his wife was by this time completely awake, and able to conduct him to his bed through a portion of the room where there were no cradles.

A Character.—One of our contemporaries of the press, burning with a fervent desire to vindicate the private character of a friend who had been nailed for the crime of sheep-stealing, eulogizes him after the following queer fashion. The puff is exceedingly unique and original in its way, and we commend it to the profound study of all who are called on by persons wanting to "get a character." The closing declaration is a perfect "settler;" it knocks the nail on the head, and clinches it:

"We have known Mr. Thomas for twelve years. Our acquaintance commenced with the great equinoctial storm which blew down our grand-father's barn. At that time he was a young man in the prime of life, and we think, raised the best marrowfat peas we ever eat. He was a good mathematician, kind to the poor, and troubled with the fits. In all the relations of husband, father, uncle, and trustee of common lands, he has followed the direct standard of duty. Mr. Thomas is, at this time, forty-three years of age, slightly married with the small-pox, an estimable citizen, a church member, and a man of known integrity for ten years. And as to sheep-stealing, that he would have done it if he could get an opportunity, is without the least foundation in point of fact. Mr. Thomas could have stolen her the least pencil several times, and he didn't do it."

Mrs. Partington on Paine's Light.—"I declare, I don't know what to think on it," said Mrs. Partington, as she looked again intently into the water pail. The attitude was peculiar, and the iron bowed speck over on duty like a sentry on a bridge, keeping a bright look out for the water. "I can't see into it. I can't see into it," she said; "and I don't see how it will have chosen. My first penchant was for a fashionable clergyman, a perfect Adonis; he was a flatterer, and cared but little for me, though I have not yet forgotten the pang of his desertion. My next was a barrister; a young man of immense talent, smooth, insinuating manners; but he, too, after talking, walking, dancing and dirting, left me in the lurch. Either of these would have been my 'choice,' had I so chosen; but my present husband chose me, and therefore I married him; and this, I cannot help thinking, must be the way with half the married folks of my acquaintance."

There is both sound sense and truth in this; but is it a matter that men should choose those that they should be chosen? And is not our correspondent probably much happier with her present husband, shooting-jacket, pipe and dog inclusive, than she would have been with either the fashionable clergyman or the clever barrister? Men are proverbially inconstant; and, after marriage, when the trouble and inconvenience of children are beginning to be felt, and when (the most trying time of all,) the wife begins to neglect her husband for her children, unless there was originally a very strong attachment on the husband's side, there is little chance of happiness.

A wife's affection, on the contrary, always increases after marriage; and even if indifferent before, no well-disposed woman can help loving the father of her children. Children, on the one side, are a bond of union, and though she may appear, for them, to neglect some of those little attentions which men seem naturally to expect, it is only because the child is the more helpless being of the two, and the true woman always takes the side of those who are the most feeble.

It is a strange but melancholy fact, that when young girls fancy themselves in love, they are seldom, if ever, happy, if they marry the object of their choice. The fact is, in most cases, they find the husband they have chosen, quite a different person, as an individual, from the imaginary object he had appeared as a lover. The imagination in most girls is stronger than the judgment; and as soon as the first idea of love is swallowed in a female heart, the imagination is set to work to fancy a lover, and all possible graces and perfections are showered upon the poor girl's mind, to endow the object of her secret idolatry. The first man whose appearance and manners attract a girl on her entrance into society, is generally invested by her with the halo of these qualities, and she fancies herself most violently in love without the least real knowledge of the man she supposes herself in love with. No wonder, then, that if she marries she is miserable. The object of her love has vanished, never to return; and she finds herself chained for life to a man, patents, because she fancies she has been deceived in him.

On the other hand, the man who, with very pardonable vanity, fancied himself loved for his own merits, and who was perfectly unconscious of the secret defences of the girl, become, when he finds her changed after marriage, quite indignant at her caprice. The friends and relations on both sides share in the same feelings—"What would she have?" they cry; "she married him, and just been" "put to sleep," when a gentleman at the farther end of the exhibition room requested that she would tell him who made the hat he then wore. Her attendant took the hat, and, having read the maker's name inside, put it behind him. The following conversation then ensued between the attendant and the clairvoyant:

"Mary, can you see the name in this hat? If so, tell what it is."

"I can't see it plain. It looks misty and dim."

"Perhaps you can spell it. Will you try?"

"Yes, sir, I'll try."

"What is the first letter?"

"W."

"And the next?"

"A."

"Right. The next?"

"N."

"Next?"

"N."

"O, K. Mary. Now the next?"

"O."

"Correct. Go on."

"U."

"Keep on."

"R."

"That will do," said ——, inspector. "She has spelled out Warnock," he continued, addressing the astonished audience, "and that, you perceive" (showing the hat) "is the name written here."

Of course, the reader has observed that the initial letters of the questions propounded were those which composed the word Warnock. And yet this bit of trickery, so simple when explained, was a great mystery to many present.

CHOOSING HUSBANDS.

"When a girl marries, why do people talk of her choice? In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, how she may choice? Does not the man, probably the last she would have chosen, select her?"

A very clever correspondent has sent us a letter containing the above query; and she makes out her case very ably. She says:

"I have been married many years; the match was considered a very good one, suitable in every respect—age, position and fortune. Every one said I had made a good *choice*. Why, my dear Mr. Editor, I loved my husband when I married him, because he had, by an unaried modesty, succeeded in gaining my affections; but had 'choice' been my privilege, I certainly should not have chosen him. As I look at him in his easy chair, sleeping before the fire, a huge dog at his foot, a pipe peeping out of one of the many pockets of his shooting coat, I can but think how different he is from what I would have chosen. My first penchant was for a fashionable clergyman, a perfect Adonis; he was a flatterer, and cared but little for me, though I have not yet forgotten the pang of his desertion. My next was a barrister; a young man of immense talent, smooth, insinuating manners; but he, too, after talking, walking, dancing and dirting, left me in the lurch. Either of these would have been my 'choice,' had I so chosen; but my present husband chose me, and therefore I married him; and this, I cannot help thinking, must be the way with half the married folks of my acquaintance."

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FAITH.

"In due time ye shall reap, if ye faint not."

Ye who think the Truth ye saw
Lost beneath the winter snow,
Doubt not, Time's unerring law
Yet shall bring the genial thaw.
God in Nature ye can trust,
In the God of mind less just!

Reap we not the mighty thought
Once by ancient sages taught?
Though it withered in the blight
Of the mediæval night,
Now the harvest we behold;
See! it bears a thousand fold.

Workers on the barren soil,
Yours may seem a thankless toil;
Stick at heart with hope deferred,
Listen to the cheering word:
Now the faithful sower grieves—
Soon he'll hail his golden sheaves.

If Great Wisdom have decreed
Man may labor, yet the seed
Never in this life shall grow,
Shall the sower cease to sow?
The farmer fruit may yet be borne
On the resurrection morn!

LETTERS TO COUNTRY GIRLS.

BY MRS. SWISSHELM.

Dear Girls:—It is a long time since I have written to you, and all this time you have been making your dresses just as you used to do, with a long straight seam under the arm. No; it is not straight, but in the form of an inclined plane, or what carpenters call a bevel, and presses your sides into the shape of a funnel.—You have all heard about the Greek Slave, and know it is a marble statue, to show a most perfect and beautiful form, and I wish you could all see it. The outside of the sides are two hollow curves, as graceful as the undulation between two waves, or the bend in a willow wand.—Every one has a shape more or less like this, according as she is more or less beautiful, graceful and natural; and is it not singular that after the Creator has given you a form of beauty—of undulating outlines and graceful, sweeping curves, you should set yourselves deliberately to work to manufacture yourselves into sharp angles and straight, stiff outlines, with no more pretensions to grace than the sides of an old Dutch churn? This you nearly all do, and you do it by the shape of that seam under your arm. You sew it in a regular slope from the armpit to the bottom of the waist, and that is as long as it can possibly be made. This makes the smallest part of your body below your ribs—that is, you squeeze in the muscles and flesh where there are no bones to resist the force, and so crowd your liver until it cannot act; and you grow yellow, bilious, nervous—ugly as sin, even in your faces. It is very strange you can be so foolish—that any one would deliberately ruin her own health for the privilege of looking ugly. I have been very nervous to see a woman on the street, with this tight place below her ribs; and her wag waggling, like the limbs of a supple Jack! I have grown so desperately disgusted at this way of making dresses by seeing a seat, put in exactly by rules as long, and it is calculated that an engine of two horses more will run at a speed superior to that of a steam-engine; but the driving power does not change direction or movement. They can instantly stop the engine, the horses continue to walk on the *peasaile*, without transmitting motion to the leading-wheels.

By the simple manner in which the horses exercise their moving power on the new machine, they can work nearly their usual time (nine hours, about eight hours a day.) During these eight hours the Impulsoria can run at least over thirty miles eight times; and as four horses do not cost much more than two shillings each per day, it would be no expense of eight shillings only, instead of £6 on account of coke only, the cost of which is expence each mile run.

Such economy is of the utmost importance to the numerous interests engaged in the railways, subject to enormous working expenses. According to the statements by Dr. Lardner, in his valuable work on "Railway Economy," the locomotive power and rolling stock absorb always more than half, and often four-fifths of all the working expenses. But the principal advantage of the new machine will be to afford very cheap locomotion on all branch lines, thus extending the advantage of the railway to localities hitherto impracticable from the expensive motive power.

The directors of the South-Western Railway were the first to receive the Impulsoria on their line, where they have granted every facility to its ingenious inventor; for which courtesy he has especially to thank the engineer-in-chief of the locomotive department, Mr. Gooch, and his assistant, Mr. Trevethick.—*London Paper, June 22.*

A Forrest.—The New York Mirror says:—We had the pleasure of a visit, this morning, from the distinguished author, G. P. R. James, Esq., in a very different looking person from the picture we have of him in our mind's eye. He is a man a little under — height, and a little over the medium thickness, apparently not over forty years old, with an eagle eye, a splendid head, and a slight sprinkling of gray hairs; a hale, hearty, robust looking English gentleman, all of the modern time."

GIRLISH MERRIMENT.

In there any thing in life so lovely and poetical as the laugh and merriment of a young girl, who still in harmony with all her powers sports with you in luxuriant freedom, and in her mirthfulness neither despises nor dislikes? Her gravity is seldom as innocent as her playfulness; still less that haughty discontent which converts the youthful Psyche into a dull, thick, buzzing, wing-drooping, night-moth. Among a certain Indian tribe the youth selected at a feast that maiden for marriage who laughed in her sport; perhaps my opinion inclines the same way.

Laughing cheerfulness throws day-light upon all the paths of life; discontent blows her ill-omened vapors from after; depression produces more confusion and distraction of thought than the above-named giddiness. It, indeed, the wife could stereotype this comedy by playing it in wadded life, and sometimes enliven the dull epic of the husband or hero, by her own comic-heroic poetry, she would enjoy the delight of winning and enchanting both husband and children. Never fear that feminine playfulness will exclude depth of character and sensibility. The still energy of the heart is ever growing and filling itself beneath the outward glee. How heavenly, when at length for the first time the laughing eye melts in love, and gushing tears mirror forth the whole tender soul!

Let then the laughter-loving creatures giggle on at one another, and especially at the first clumsy make-game wight who comes among them, should he be the writer of this paragraph.—*Richter.*

The Future.—Let no man extend his thoughts, or let his hopes wander towards future and far-distant events and accidental contingencies. This day is mine and yours, but yet I know not what shall be on the morrow; and every morning creeps out of a dark cloud, leaving behind it an ignorance and silence deep as midnight, and undiscerned as an unborn child. To make a chrisom-child to smile; so that we cannot discern what comes hereafter, unless we had a light from heaven brighter than the vision of an angel, even the spirit of Prophecy. Without revelation, we cannot tell whether we shall eat to-morrow, or whether a squinancy shall choke us; and it is written in the unrevealed folds of Divine predestination, that many who are this day alive, shall to-morrow be laid upon the cold earth, and the women shall weep over their shroud, and dress them for their funeral.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

Fashions.

FRENCH FASHIONS.

The Paris correspondent of the Public Ledger, in a late letter, says:

The delightful and very warm weather which has now set in, has caused a more than usual display of light materials for dressing. The white barege is much in fashion for all kinds of costume this summer. We have seen some beautiful redingotes trimmed with white ribbon, gathered in the middle, or a ribbon with a lace edge placed in two rows, round a small pardessus or jacket, of the same material as the dress. This is incontestibly one of the prettiest toilettes we have seen this summer.

For evening dresses, the white barege robes are made with twelve or fifteen narrow flounces, with three narrow gold cords placed at the edge, and three at the top of each flounce. The cords are so fine and supple, that they are scarcely more conspicuous than the silk braids. The bodies of these dresses, for the greater part, are *a la Grecque*, the loose, floating sleeve allows of the small under-sleeves being seen, which fits tightly, and is also trimmed with a gold cord, as is the couture ecnarpe of barege, which completes this toilette. The coiffure which best accompanies this toilette is a wreath of various —either of oak leaves, myrtle, or branches of roses placed as bows of ribbon, rather back on the head.

Ladies who would be quite in the fashion must now have as many mantelets as robes. They are of all forms, and are very becoming on the shoulders of a pretty woman.

The small, close-fitting paletots are only admitted in very negligee toilette; they are consequently very much worn, slightly open, and trimmed with frills of the same, or ruches of narrow black lace.

The mantelets, on the contrary, are trimmed with rich laces and fringes; many also are embroidered with jet beads; all colors, but colored braid on black taffetas. We have seen a black taffetas mantelet, forming a point behind, without a seam on the shoulder, and made to fit the figure by four small folds on each side. The trimming was of black lace, and was terminated in points—it was nearly covered with a dark blue embroidery in soutache, and trimmed all round with a deep black and blue fringe.

Another, of a rather original form, is of taffetas, scarlet color—that is, of a bright red color, and falling but little lower than the waist. It is entirely covered with a dark green embroidery, and edged with a wide lace. This latter is made to accompany a dress of taffetas d'Italie trimmed with five flounces, embroidered to match the mantelet, and open, and trimmed with three garnitures, also embroidered.

Most dresses for the country are of jean, foulard, or batiste; the bodies are separated from the skirt with basquines; half-long sleeves, large at the bottom.

We have lately admired some bonnets destined for our fashionables. One of pink crape bouillonne, and nearly covered with a half veil of English application, fastened on either side with a tuft of apple blossoms. Another is of rice straw, with a branch of mimosa, and inside trimmings to match. A third, which is truly a chef-d'œuvre of coquetry and good taste, is quite simple—of white tulle, with a ruche of small white daisies round the face, and two large bouquets of the same flowers on each side, united by a small wreath.

The Riddler.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 22 letters.

My 10, 5, 4, 21, 20, 13, 3, 8, is a solemn festival of the Jews.

My 9, 7, 15, 19, 10, 8, 11, is a rich, fertile country in the heart of Europe, renowned for its late heroic but unfortunate struggle for independence.

My 13, 3, 15, 7, 21, is a beautiful, bright star, also the name of a goddess.

My 9, 5, 15, 22, 12, the name of a great French writer, the principal ornament of philosophy and letters, and also one of the most sublime poets of modern times.

My 18, 7, 21, 6, 10, 13, 7, 3, the christian name of a great Spanish King.

My 9, 3, 7, 1, 3, the extinction of life.

My 19, 14, 22, 3, 5, the name of a Roman Czar who lived about 130 years ago.

My whole the reader must find out.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 10 letters.

My 1, 5, 3, is worn on the head.

My 8, 6, 7, 11, is the name of a female.

My 4, 14, 3, is a pretty toy.

My 10, 9, 4, is a kind of grain.

My 6, 9, 7, 11, is a country.

My 13, 11, 4, is a small measure.

My 7, 10, 3, 4, 11, is used in winter.

My whole was a distinguished astronomer.

CHARADE.

I am composed of letters three.
All which are found in fourpenny;
My whole you'd surely chance to meet,
By promenading Chestnut Street.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTIONS.

1. In an equilateral triangle whose sides are 24 feet, what is the distance from the centre to each side, also the distance from the centre to each angle?

2. What is the area of a regular pentagon, each side of which is long 20 feet?

3. What are the contents of a pentagonal pyramid, its height being 20 feet, and each side of its base 4 feet?

CONUNDRUMS.

Q. Why is money like a whip?
Ans.—It makes the mare go.

Q. Why is a ghost a thing of no consequence?
Ans.—It is immaterial.

Q. Why are the Anti-Renters like refractory children?
Ans.—Because they won't submit to pay rent.

Q. Why is a dressing master like a cook?
Ans.—He cuts capers.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMAS

Joseph Fenelon—Louis Wilhelm Little

MENSURATION QUESTION

Fifty-nine feet and six inches.

PUZZLE.

John paid the horse to Mr. Forty, and as he had given only five dollars for it, when therefore he sold him again for ten dollars, he had consequently gained five dollars on his purchase.

KNEPPLEGER.

Agricultural.

PATENT OFFICE REPORT.

Culture of Indian Corn—(Zea Mays.)

Of the whole family of Cereals, *Zea Mays* is unquestionably the most valuable for cultivation in the United States. When the time shall come that population presses closely on the highest capacities of American soil, this plant, which is a native of the New World, will be found greatly to excel all others in the quantity of bread, meat, milk and butter, which it will yield from an acre of land. With proper culture, it has no equal for the production of hay, in all cases where it is desirable to grow a large crop on a small surface.

The report of the Ohio Board of Agriculture for 1843, for a copy of which we are indebted to M. B. Bateham, Esq., Editor of the *Ohio Cultivator*, contains many interesting statements in reference to corn culture, made by the officers of numerous county agricultural societies. In Miami County, 2,030,870 bushels were grown, at an average yield of 55 bushels per acre. Three varieties are cultivated; the common gourd seed, for cattle; the yellow Kentucky, for hogs and distilling; and the white, for grinding and exportation. According to the returns from Green County, which produced 1,950,000 bushels of corn in 1849, "a regular rotation of clover, corn, wheat, and clover again, is best for corn; and no crop pays better for extra culture." The Harrison County Agricultural Society reports the pork crop at 4,800,000 pounds; and it gave its first premium for corn to Mr. S. B. Lukens, whose statement is as follows:

"The ground had been in meadow ten years; was ploughed six inches deep about the middle of April; was harrowed twice over on the 9th of May, and planted on the 11th, four feet by two feet. It came up well; was cultivated and thinned when ten inches high; three stalks were left in a hill. About two weeks afterward it was again cultivated, and the suckers pulled off. About the last of June it was again cultivated, making three times the same way, as it was laid off but one way.

"Expense of cultivation, gathering and crib-bing, &c.	$27 00
Produce 2744 bushels, at 5½ cents,	147 19
Profit on three acres,	120 00"

The evidence on which a premium was awarded was such as should satisfy any one that 374 bushels were grown on three acres of land, and at a cost not exceeding $17 10, delivered in the crib. This is producing corn at less than 5 cts. a bushel.

Whether the statement be true to the letter or not, it shows conclusively the great value of a *rich soil* for making cheap corn. The Board of Agriculture estimates the crop of Ohio last year at 70,000,000 of bushels. Taking the United States as a whole, probably the cr